

LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

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FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE NARRATIVE OF OMAR.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAP I.

Omar goes to a wise man.

In those times when the Mohammedan Arabs were pursuing commerce, agriculture, and the arts of life, and the Christian Europeans were dividing their time between theology and rapine, there lived a man near Bagdat who was in high reputation for wisdom. He had formerly had an employment at court under the califs; but having sent back to the favourite mistress an assignment on the public treasury, he laid down his office, travelled to the Indians and the Persians, got instructed in the knowledge of their forefathers, returned from his travel, and now passed his days in retirement, in a country house, surrounded by fields, meadows and gardens; took upon himself the inspection of his workmen, called them his children, and annually gave them a feast. He observed the motions of the stars, the wind, the virtues of simples, the destiny of man. He gave bread to him that was in want, and advice to them that deserved it. The Calif himself, and his officers, frequently asked counsel of him, and sometimes even followed it. History is silent in regard to his name, but history often mentions, what it ought to forget, and forgets, what it ought to reveal. One morning a stranger inquired for him; he let him in; he was a youth, in full bloom, of a majestic stature, and ample forehead, and cheeks that glowed with health. "Who art thou young man, and whence comest thou?" "My name is Omar, and I come from Bagdat. My

business is to ask council and instruction of thee." "Sit thee down Omar." "I have heard O sage," said Omar, having seated himself on a persian carpet, "that thou knowest more than those whom the world calls wise." "Thou hast heard amiss, Omar. I know much less than those whom the world calls wise, and were I to live longer, perhaps I might know less than I do at present." "I understand thee not." "I believe that—but what wouldest thou learn of me." "Tell me what is the plan of this whole creation." "Omar, hast thou been in the planet Scham?" "No." "Or in the planet Nahar?" "No." "Or in the planet Dschsirah?" "Neither." "Or in any of the fixed stars?" "Thy questions surprize me." "Our Calif, on whom may God shower his blessings; keeps eight hundred thousand armed men for the defence of his empire; and the swords of these men are forged at Damascus." "That I know right well, for I have seen them forged." "Hast thou young man?" "I have, O son of wisdom!" "So much the better—and when thou sawest a sword forged, what knewest thou then?" "I knew that it was a sword for the army of Calif." "But didst thou likewise know what the plan of operation intended by the Calif, was?" "How in the name of the Prophet, should I know that?" "So Omar, I know not the plan of this creation." "But tell me these, are men created to be happy in this world?" "That I know not." "Thou knowest not that?" "The Eternal knows it, blessed be the Eternal!" "But wherefore are men created?" "That they may enjoy life and follow after justice." "But many who enjoy life, and follow after justice, are yet pining in misery, whence arises this?" "The Eternal knows it, blessed be the Eternal!" "Then I need not ask thee, how it comes that I am not happy?" "Tell me thy circumstances, Omar, and I will tell thee, whether it depends on thee." "I am rich, O venerable sage! I have friends, in the court of the Calif. I am beloved by the most beautiful maiden of Bagdat. But life is a burden to me." "That is very possible. Thou art in want

of every thing, because nothing is wanting to thee." "Dost thou think that my state can be bettered?" "Omar, the fault lies solely in thee." "In me!" "Abstain and enjoy." "Is that all thy advice?" "I have no more to add. Follow me, and the fault will no longer be thine." "Thou art an extraordinary philosopher!" "Abstain and enjoy!" Having said these words, the sage arose, leaving Omar sitting.

To be continued.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE BANDIT.

Continued.

"You see before you a most miserable man; though I have money and all the necessaries of life in possession, yet I am most miserable. Brought up under the care of kind, and, I fear too-indulgent parents, I knew not the want of any thing, till their decease; when upon, examining my father's effects, to my great surprize, instead of realizing independence, I found the estate insufficient to pay off the numerous debts which my father had incurred. Thus left to myself, poor, without any profession to which I could turn for relief, I entered in an unhappy hour, upon that in which you now behold me. My family is one of the oldest and first among the grandees of Spain; but I could not for a moment think of living dependant upon their bounty. I now intend to relinquish this bloody trade, and if possible, live honourably among my relations, none of whom know what has become of me. If, therefore, you will keep secret the fact of my having been concerned in the late affair, I will return with you to Madrid, and as I have considerable property left me by a distant relation, I can dwell in peace there, and will try to make up for my past wickedness by all the means in my power. Perhaps I am too unguarded in thus throwing myself on a stranger's generosity, but I perceived the gallantry with which you defended yourself against my myrmidons, and honour and bravery go hand in hand. If you will accede to my proposals, I will call together my band and inform them of my in-

tention, and, on the morrow, will return with you."

Villeroi accepted his offer, and pledged his honour for his secrecy. But how fleeting are the hopes of man.

During the captain's absence, Jerome had mentioned to the band his frequent absences from it, "and where he goes," said he, "no one but himself is acquainted. It may be, he is engaged in some plot to deliver us up to the officers, for he has not of late exerted himself as formerly in our schemes, and sometimes we see him after an engagement, sit blubbing like a whipped school-boy." "Now my friends" continued he, in a low voice, "I do not see why I am not as worthy of the station he holds, as he is, and should I be chosen to it, I should not for the tears of an old woman and her daughter, yield up the plunder we had fought to obtain, as we have seen him do. My friends, he seems to despise us, because he is of a higher family than we: but is not the blood which flows in our veins as good as his? Does it not answer every purpose for which it was intended? Nay, more, are we not all of us even stronger than he?" They replied by clapping their hands: "And shall we, then, any longer bow to him as God? No, my friends, I feel confident that you will not. Even now is he conversing with our prisoner. Let us then, whispered he, "take them both to-night, and bury our daggers to the hilt in their hearts. "Dead men tell no tales."

He finished, and they each one took an oath of fealty to their new commander, Jerome, whom they chose immediately. Thus planned, the plot was not long in its consummation. At night the captain slept in the same room with Villeroi, having first ordered his fetters to be knocked off. At midnight, he heard footsteps lightly approaching his bed, and the next minute he had plunged his dagger into the breast of the faithless Jerome. A deep groan which he uttered as he fell, brought all the gang, who were on the watch, into the apartment, and a scene of blood took place which baffles all description.

Knowing the desperate character of the villains with whom he was associated, and suspecting Jerome of infidelity to him, he always slept on his guard. He had pistols in a chair by his bedside, and a dagger under his

pillow. He had also provided Villeroi with arms, who was too uneasy in his mind to sleep. They determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and soon the floor of the apartment was covered with the dead and wounded. But what could two do when placed against so many desperadoes. The daggers of the slaves have felled the last hope of the house of Villeroi, they have consigned to the earth, the last Count de Floreni. J. Q. V.

HISTORY OF A COUNTERFEIT BANK NOTE.

I was ushered into being on the confines of Canada; my father was the noted Stephen Burrows, a man, who to this day, holds a place on the waste of memory of many an honest New-England farmer. A short time after my birth, my father, having no parental affection for his offspring, sold me for one Spanish milled dollar, about one fourth of what the purchaser deemed my value. My master was a man of good address, and never blushed, except after swallowing three or four stout glasses of gin sling; he was an accomplished gambler, and never was known to lose a farthing by playing too fair; he took me with him to the state of Vermont, and endeavoured to exchange me for a watch of a countryman, who happened to stop at the same tavern where my master put up for the night; but the countryman said he believed I was not legitimate; my master seemed very careless about the bargain, and told the countryman that I was as good as the bank, which he certified with an oath: however, the plough jogger concluded not to take me, and my master moved on with me in the morning toward Albany. Along the road he frequently endeavoured to part with me, but no one seemed willing to have any thing to do with me. At last we arrived at the city of Albany; here my master sold me to a friend of his for two dollars, silver, and shortly after departed for New-York. My new master kept a Dutch tippling shop in the quay; he soon exchanged me with a Yankee tin pedler for three tin coffee pots; my third master took me with him to New-York and endeavoured to sell me to the brokers, but they all declared me illegitimate; however my peddling master determined to make the most of me, so he took me with him to a place called the Hook, and here I expected sure

enough to be hooked away from him, but he kept his hand fast on his pocket so that no one could steal me without knocking my master down first; he soon came across an old seaman with shot in each locker; my master treated him freely with rum and brandy mixed together, and the old tar showed him his money, dollars, half dollars, quarters, &c. After a short time, my master asked Jack if he would oblige him with four dollars in change for a few minutes, as he wanted this sum in silver for some particular purpose, and at the same time offered me as security till his return; Jack readily consented, and took me as a pledge, crowding me into his tobacco box; having waited nearly three hours for my master to return, Jack sallied out in quest of him; but, alas! he was no where to be found; Jack now returned to his lodgings, and offered me to his landlord in payment for a week's board, liquor, &c. but the landlord declared me spurious. Jack, however, said nothing, but went to the door and threw me into the street, and went in again; the landlord saw Jack throw me away, and when Jack had retired, went out, and picking me up put me in his pocket book.

The next morning a butcher took me in exchange for a rump of beef; the butcher was a noted gambler, and lost me the next evening on a throw of dice; the winner was a man of some respectability, and soon discovered what I was; he, however, silenced all scruples of conscience, by saying he had been cheated, and it was no more than right that he, in turn, should cheat if he had an opportunity; so mixing me in with many legitimate notes of my appearance and denomination, he sent me on to Philadelphia, to exchange me for dry goods, &c. The merchant to whom I was sent took me for good, and when he discovered his mistake, he had forgotten of whom he received me, and as he did not want the trouble of getting rid of me himself, gave me to his clerk, to dispose of to a shoe black; the shoe black took me; but kept me so long before he thought of making any use of me, that when the broker told him I was not worth a cent, he also had forgotten of whom he procured me. At last my black master swore to one of his rich customers that he took me of him, some time ago; so this man not knowing the contrary, gave Mr. shoe black four

silver dollars for me, and put me into his pocket book. A little while afterwards, this man lost his pocket book, and as I was the only note in it, made no particular inquiry after his loss: the pocket book was found by a poor poet, who, thinking me worth advertising, advertised me; but no owner came, and Mr. Poet resolved to exchange me for some brandy, &c. but alas! the landlord soon informed him what I was, and he returned home, muttering curses all the way. When he arrived, he kindled a fire from some rejected verses, and giving me a very mysterious and mournful look, threw me into the devouring element; but here I did not perish, for I flew up the chimney, and am now travelling on the four winds of heaven alternately to the four quarters of the globe.

NICHOLAS.

ORIGINAL IDEA OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

Julius II. was as distinguished for his encouragement of talents; as for his impetuosity, and his unbounded ambition in the exercise of sovereign power. It was a favourite apothegm of his, that learning elevated the lowest orders of society, stamped the highest value on nobility, and was the most splendid gem in the diadem of sovereignty. He was no sooner seated in the papal chair, than he was surrounded by men of genius; and Michael Angelo was among the first whom he invited; and at the same time, he sent him an order for a hundred ducats, to pay his expenses to Rome. After his arrival, some time elapsed before any subject could be determined upon for the exercise of his abilities; at length the Pope gave him an unlimited commission to make a mausoleum, in which their future fame might be combined.

Having received the commission, Michael Angelo commenced a design, worthy of himself and of his patron. The plan was a parallelogram, and the superstruction was to consist of forty statues, many of which were to be colossal, and interspersed with ornamental figures and bronze basso-relievos, besides the necessary architecture, with appropriate decorations, to unite the composition into one stupendous whole.

When this magnificent design was completed, it met with the Pope's entire approbation; and Michael Angelo was desired to go into St. Peter's to see where it could be conveniently

placed. At the west end of the church, Nicholas V. half a century before, began to erect a new tribune, but the plan had not been continued by his successors: this situation Michael Angelo thought the most appropriate, and recommended it to the consideration of his holiness. The Pope inquired what expense would be necessary to complete it; to which Michael Angelo answered, "A hundred thousand crowns." Julius replied, "It may be twice that sum;" and immediately gave orders to Giuliano de San Gallo to consider of the best means to execute the work.

San Gallo, impressed with the grandeur of Michael Angelo's design, suggested to the Pope, that such a monument ought to have a chapel built on purpose for it, to correspond to its importance, and that every part of the composition might be exhibited to the greatest advantage; at the same time he remarked that St. Peter's was an old church, not at all adapted for so superb a mausoleum, and my alteration would only serve to destroy the character of the building. The Pope listened to these observations, and ordered several architects to make designs, to put him in possession of all that could be done under existing circumstances; but in considering and reconsidering the subject, he passed from one improvement to another, till at length he determined to rebuild St. Peter's itself; and this is the origin of that edifice, which took 150 years to complete, and is now the grandest display of architectural splendour that ornaments the Christian world.

By those who are curious in tracing the remote causes of great events, Michael Angelo may perhaps be found, though unexpectedly, to have thus laid the first stone of the Reformation. His monument demanded a building of corresponding magnificence; to prosecute the undertaking, money was wanted; and indulgences were sold, to supply the deficiency of the treasure: a monk of Saxony opposed the authority of the church; and it is singular, that the means employed to raise the most splendid edifice to the Catholic faith which the world had ever seen, should at the same time, have shaken that religion to its foundation.

IMPROMPTU.

The late reverend Dr. De la Cour, of the city of Cork, Ireland, was a very great poetic genius, even to the latest period of his long life; he was very

eccentric in manners always, and frequently very careless and inattentive in his dress; he was thought a little deranged, and it might, at times, be really the case; but the flashes of a brilliant imagination existed to the last, and never forsook him. At the time I am speaking of, he was turned of eighty-four years, when he heard that the son of his particular friend had married a wealthy rope maker's daughter, whose large fortune made some amends for her vulgarity and defective education; he immediately, sans ceremony, for he never used any, waited on the bride and bridegroom, to pay his respects; but the lady, instead of receiving the old gentleman politely, turned up her nose, and burst out a laughing at the oddity of his dress and appearance. 'So sir,' said the doctor, as the young gentleman advanced cordially to welcome him, 'I came to give you joy; but I can't; your father-in-law is a rope-maker, I find; you have only one comfort in view; he can supply you any day with a cord gratis. As for you, madam,' turning indignantly to the bride,—

'If tow were spun and wove in silken gears,
In spite of art, its coarseness still appears.'

The doctor took a pinch of snuff, turned on his heel, and instantly departed.

RUSSIAN ANECDOTE.

Baron Sutherland possessed a very handsome pug dog, which Catherine the Great was perpetually admiring; the Baron could do no less than present it to the Empress, who graciously received it: and poor pug being continually crammed with luxuries he had never before tasted, actually died of repletion. The Empress, truly grieved at this event, said to one of her officers—'Go, take Sutherland, and let him be flayed and stuffed!'—In obedience to the despotic and imperial dame, away went the officer to the Baron's house, and with a face full of horror, repeated the commands of Catherine. The Baron felt rather awkward, for he knew if she was determined to flay and stuff him there was no appeal. He prevailed on the officer to let him go to the Empress in a whole skin; and when the trembling Baron was announced, and admitted to an audience, the Empress, on hearing of the ludicrous mistake, was ready to expire with laughter. She soon, however, dispelled the fears of the Baron, by telling him it was the dead pug, to whom she had given the name of Sutherland, that she had ordered to be flayed and stuffed, and not himself!

REVIEW.

FREDOLFO,

A tragedy in five acts—By Rev. C. R. Maturin.

(CONTINUED.)

Subsequent to the release of Adelmarr from imprisonment, by order of Fredolfo, the latter labours under the influence of that inward agony, which had visited him in consequence of his crimes. He feels, and justly too, that no punishment can be more terrible than the consciousness of guilt in solitude, no exposure more to be dreaded than that of infamy and vice in the presence of exalted virtue; and that notwithstanding the power which his persecuted foe was now enabled to possess over him, by a public declaration of his enormities, even such a fate, much as it ought to be deprecated, could not be more so than the secret horrors under which he was then suffering. For, Fredolfo, aye Fredolfo, "knew it all;" although "assembled worlds are dumb when conscience speaks." In the course of the dialogue which is here continued between this distinguished personage, and the no less distinguished Berthold of whom we have spoken with the candour that his merits deserved, we learn that Fredolfo had resigned his office in the state, to save his child from Wallenberg's fell love; a personage who appears to have reached the climacteric of all that could have entered into the mind of the author to conceive of the murderous and detestable. After a considerable crimination, and recrimination between the former, in which, each rattles the assassins name in the others' ears, and in which Berthold demands the person of Urilda for a bride, and on the refusal of his master threatens him with an exposition of his crimes, just as all this, and more of the same complexion is going on, Waldo and his attendants enter in haste, and acquaint us with the arrival of the Wallenberg we have mentioned; who shortly comes forward attended by a splendid train, his air haughty, and contemptuous. His object is, to demand the hand of Urilda in marriage, in despite of the enmity of their families toward each other. But he is by no means cordially received; on the contrary an ironical pleasure on the part of Fredolfo, is the only manifestation of welcome to his guest. Believing the mind of his daughter however to have

been settled on the subject of this grand interview, he pretends not to answer for her determination; and immediately calls her forth to impart it from her own mouth. It terminates as it ought to have done by the rejection of her suitor, and his departure from the castle, venting numberless oaths, imprecations, and mutterings of vengeance, upon the head of its possessor; having previously attempted to destroy him on meeting his discomfiture from Urilda; when he was disarmed by the attendants of Fredolfo, and by his permission allowed to depart in safety from the castle, taking with him the villain Berthold whom he had engaged in his cause, by reminding him that Fredolfo was the murderer of his father; a circumstance which is vainly opposed by the latter, (who is regarded by his persecutors with malignity and disdain,) and which induces him to give himself up as lost forever.

The third act of this production, opens with another soliloquy from the blood stained Fredolfo, upon the consequence of his crimes. He wanders to the scene of them in a wild forest, and there recounts the guilt which he had perpetrated; during which he appears every moment in apprehension of Berthold and Wallenberg; when the former suddenly shows himself, and breaks in upon his meditations. He is informed in a sneering and sarcastic manner, that "Count Wallenberg would crave audience on matters that concern the state's behoof;" and just as the wretch before him is requested to depart from the abhorred sight of Fredolfo, without an answer, Wallenberg and his knights enter, the first of which after many ironical salutations, acquaints him with the motive of his return. It is to develop the joy with which he is filled on having discovered at last his father's murderer! the joy which animates the breasts of the inhabitants of Altdorf no less than his, that "the man of blood is found!" In this scene, the agitation of Fredolfo is strongly remarked by his accuser; and the result of it is, that he is seized upon as the assassin, and notwithstanding the prayers and tears of Urilda, who as it might be expected rushes in, he is dragged with her to await his doom. In the dungeons of Altdorf, he is visited by Wallenberg, and his daughter importunes him in mercy for his life; she falls at his feet, and sues for it

with agonized humiliation, but he laughs at her intreaties, and reminds her of the rejection of his suit with increased bitterness. Finally, however he declares, that he can pity and forgive her misfortunes; and although he dare not rend open the doors of an arraigned felon, although he—

"Cannot as a son from the loathed arm
That slew his father, strike the clasp
fetter,
And say, with horrid gratitude, kind murderer!"

Yet he enquires if there be not among the patriot friends, some daring spirit,

"Some youth of bold and enterprising arm,
Who, with small cost of noisy eloquence,
May tempt the rabble on his prison-doors
To try their hands rude strength, and not in
vain—
While I to distant quarters lead the Aus-
trians,
And leave the pass unguarded? May this
be."

Urilda rejoices that it may; she exults at the expedient which is suggested for the release of her father; and Wallenberg with insinuating malignity urges her to select one whom she could love, in its accomplishment. Her heart overflows with gratitude towards him, and she exclaims that,

"In poverty, in exile, yea in death—
Her blessings shall stream up like incense for
thee."

On which her betrayer declares,

"He thou lov'st—he too will pray for me!"

And as if determined to see how far villainy could jest with oppression, he says,

"And may not luckless Wallenberg.
Albeit and exile from your soft retreat,
Steal with light step upon its paradise,
Gaze upon your slumbers in its bowers of
balm,
And smile on you, as I do now."

He had thus far progressed in his hellish machinations, when Fredolfo comes forward, and makes them known; beseeching his daughter not to regard the promises of her foe. The latter disregards all her supplications, dashes her from him while entreating for her father's life, now openly tears off the mask of villainy which had concealed him, rushes out at the end of the third act, and as the author expresses it, "with horrible agony repeating his last words as he turns on her, while she kneels,

"When the bell tolls, remember Wallenberg!"

To be continued.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES PORT FOLIO.

There are some persons among us, although we thank Heaven they are but few in number, and still more unimportant in point of influence, who are continually declaiming against the study of the dead languages; but who, from their acquaintance with the living, give reason to presume that they are not very competent judges of either. They contend, that as there are translations enough of established celebrity for all the purposes of the mind, it is utterly useless to be at the trouble of reading originals, which are principally made up as they term them. of musty greek and hebrew; and of no value whatever to the present generation. Can a suggestion be made more ridiculous, or more unfounded than this; can any thing be urged which bears on its face, more apparent marks of downright ignorance and absurdity, or any thing which if carried into effect at the present day, would be more calculated to bring these evils in its train? How are the native beauties of an author expressed in a foreign tongue, to be fully appreciated but by a recurrence to the language in which they were first written; and even admitting the intrinsic excellence of translations, how many of the most valuable works of science, and improvement, would remain unexplored but for that acquisition which enables the scholar to decide for himself upon their merits. Although we have treated this subject with some degree of seriousness, it perhaps deserves more of ridicule than of asperity, especially when the attainments of those engaged in its discussion are for a moment brought into view. It is very easy for persons to declaim against the propriety of acquiring the dead languages, who themselves know nothing of them; but it is much more difficult for such to convince those who are proficient in this important branch of education, or who desire to attain it, of the impropriety or inexpediency of devoting their time to such an employment. The former are content that the wisdom of their ancestors should carry them through the world without ever having seen it but partially displayed; but the latter are desirous of doing something beyond a confined circle which will lead them to this vast treasure, which will open

to them the stores of antiquity undefiled and unpolluted by the dross that quackery would attempt to throw over them. Every effort which is made to enlighten or improve mankind, ought to be encouraged, not discountenanced; every institution designed for the benefit of society, and of the community at large, is entitled to the gratitude, and not the reprehension of those who are intimately concerned in its welfare, and who are at liberty to enjoy the advantages it presents. The enemies of the classics would attempt to carry away the fruits of the Hesperian Gardens; but like Hercules before they accomplish it, it will be necessary to destroy the dragon that guards them there.

We believe that the following incident will be found not inapplicable to their situation, and the pretensions they assume. It occurred several years since, but will suit without difficulty the present aspect of the times. Although of southern growth, it can be transplanted in a northern clime; and will serve for any thing but a mantle to conceal theologic ignorance, and jesuitical deformity.

The Rev. Dr. S——, was once visited on the Sabbath, by a country Clergyman, whom he invited to assist in the exercises of the sanctuary. The latter might be appropriately termed an extemporaneous preacher, for he pretended to a reliance on the resources of his mind without the usual preparation. After he had ascended the sacred desk and concluded the occasional services, he commenced an admonitory exordium. The inclinations of mankind were in his opinion too apt to be led astray from divine wisdom, by the glare of worldly attainments. 'But for his own part he did not hesitate candidly to say, that he despised this world's *learning* and *learned men*.' The Rev. gentleman himself; an able theologian, listened with astonishment to the effusions of ignorance and fanaticism; and on their return from worship presented him a bible in the *original languages* by way of illustration. 'Be pleased sir, to peruse a chapter in an audible manner.' 'It is impossible: I am utterly incompetent,' was the reply.—'Do not presume then,' says the doctor, 'to *despise* that, without which the word of life would have forever remained unknown, and you elevated as you are above the *learning* of this world, would never have been able to comprehend it!'

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

We admire the spirit which is manifested by the writer of the following article in opposition to that critical malignity which is too apt to distinguish some of our Reviewers. It is transcribed from the Philadelphia Union, and we regret that its length prevents us from inserting it entire. The author had been previously speaking of the liberality of those writers who had ventured indiscriminately to denounce the Backwoodsman, an American poetical work, which had afterwards met the cordial approbation of foreigners.

It has been said from the 'judgment seat,' that the 'Backwoodsman' 'was received with the most perfect indifference nor could the applause of the most distinguished literary men of America preserve it from contempt.' These assertions carry with them their own refutation. What author but would be satisfied to know that his works received the 'applause of distinguished literary men'—it is the richest reward for his labors, and the most conclusive proof that they are not 'received with perfect indifference,' nor regarded with 'contempt'—such 'applause' is an impregnable fortress around merit, against which, the assaults of defamation and violence will fall harmless and unheeded. Notwithstanding this language has been used against Mr. Paulding's Backwoodsman, it has not had the effect to proscribe it, nor to limit the sphere of its circulation; it is still read and admired by the literati of Europe. A critical journal (the Electric Review, a work of at least as much reputation as any on this side of the water,) has expressed of the 'Backswoodman' the following opinion.—'It is certainly the most favorable specimen of transatlantic literature that has fallen under our notice. It is a poem that would be its authors passport to celebrity in any country; and unless we are greatly deceived in our estimate of its merits, it will satisfy the most sceptical as to the possible existence of such an anomaly as native poetical genius in America.'—Such is what these British critics are pleased to say of this poem, and their concluding sentence clearly proves that they are not predisposed to think favorably of our pretensions; from which we may infer that nothing but the intrinsic merit of the work, elicited such an elegant encomium. They remark, still further, that scarcely any American poet 'has been able to make his name heard across the ocean; Mr.

Paulding, however, deserves to be heard and honored as a brilliant exception, &c. Who that has read the *Backwoodsman* with feelings lighted by one spark of poetic taste, or warmed by one beam of patriotism, would be willing to withhold the tribute of their applause? Who that has read this *American Review*, in condemnation of this poem and these British critics in its high wrought praise, can hesitate to approve? I hope there are none. Who that knows any thing of the relative rank of these censors, would pause in deciding upon their capacity and qualifications? I blush for my countrymen at the mighty contrast. Fortunately for Mr. Paulding, his reputation has too solid a foundation, and is of too lofty a structure, to be affected by the angry criticism of those who would be proud to follow, in the wake of his renown, or possess, if but for one day, the light of his genius—the monuments of his mind have already received the record of imperishable fame, and his name will glide smoothly down the current of time and live in after ages, when those who now assail him with 'pitiless malice,' shall be consigned to the lurid grave of oblivion, 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung.'

BARLOW.

THEATRE.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

EVADNE, OR THE STATUE.

This production of Mr. Sheil, we know not why it is called tragic, in which Mrs. J. Barnes sustained the principal female character, was represented here for the first time on Wednesday of the present week. We believe it has had a similar reputation in London, with that of the other compositions of the same author; being rather ephemeral, than lasting, and arising more from novelty, than intrinsic worth. In his preface he declares that he "has employed a part of the fable of Shirley's *Traytor*," in the construction of his plot; where a kinsman and favourite of the duke of Florence, contrives to excite in him a dishonourable passion for the sister of a florentine nobleman, as the means of procuring the murder of the duke by the hand of the injured brother, and thus opening the way for his own elevation to the throne." He claims however the "incidents, situations,

distribution, characters, and language," as belonging to himself; which will he thinks notwithstanding his employment of the fable, sufficiently entitle him to the merit of originality; an honour which we have by no means the inclination to dispute, in as much as it is not of that enviable character, which would recompence us for our pains.

To such of our readers however who desire more minutely to become acquainted with this composition, we will explain the uses which the author has made of the materials before him.

The *King of Naples*, what king we are not informed, is first presented to us as desperately enamoured of *Evadne*, the heroine of the piece, and the daughter of a deceased Neapolitan nobleman; who is at the same time betrothed to a prince called *Vicentio*. Surrounded by his courtiers, the monarch dreams of nothing but possessing her; and he is incited to this act, through the artifices of *Ludovico* his prime minister, the confidant of his secrets, and a sort of villain who shines in the borrowed lustre of the Iago of Shakespeare. The means which *Ludovico* promises for its accomplishment, are the voluntary aid of *Colonna* himself, the brother of *Evadne* and the friend of her lover, and the present night fixed as the period of joy. The manner in which the undertaking is to be effected *Ludovico* appears unwilling to disclose; and his master does not urge the inquiry, relying upon its success. But the real intentions of this villain, are to instil the idea of an unlawful passion into the mind of *Colonna*, on the part of the *King*; which from an impulse of revenge shall induce his death, and thence pave the way to the reign of *Ludovico* and the undisturbed enjoyment of the charms of *Evadne*. His first object is therefore to alienate the affections of the lovers; and in doing this, he employs, a female *Olivia*, strongly attached to *Vicentio*, the instrument of his crimes. Mean while however, he encounters *Vicentio*, and during their familiar intercourse congratulates him that he is to become a royal favourite; that he is to wed the mistress of the king, *Evadne*; and for proof shows him a letter in her own hand, which he declares is addressed to his royal master, but which was actually written to *Vicentio*. The natural consequence of such a story is, that without endeavouring to ascertain the truth of the matter, he should as lovers generally do who have not wit enough to know what they are about, discard her from his affections. While she, poor girl, on the other hand, is shortly destined to a similar fate from the kind offices of *Olivia*,

who, as in the absence of *Vicentio*, she is dwelling upon his portrait takes it from her, and contrives to substitute the picture of the *King*; which *Evadne* unconsciously receives, and places in her bosom. Now

"The storm is up,
And all is on the hazard."

Colonna in resentment for his sisters neglect, challenges *Vicentio*. They fight; the latter falls, and though but wounded, as we afterwards learn, is thrown in the back ground in the beginning of the fourth act; and we hear no more of him through the remainder of the piece. *Colonna* on coming from the scene of combat, is arrested as the "murderer of *Vicentio*," by order of the *King*. But he is subsequently released through the humane agency of *Ludovico*; who informs him that he had been proscribed, struck from the list of men, and that his life is granted at the expence of his sisters honour. This arouses the ire of *Colonna*, who instantly determines upon his assassination at his own house; whither he had been invited in the hope of possessing *Evadne*. At the commencing scene of the fifth act, the *King* and *Ludovico* enter the palace of *Colonna* together; and as *Ludovico* expresses his willingness to go and hasten the arrival of *Evadne*, the former makes his exit into the chamber, to receive her, saying,

"Hie thee, *Ludovico*;
For every moment seems an age."

It would be strange if the most villainous part in the production of this author, was not mingled with obscenity, and such turns out to be the fact; for *Ludovico* in reply to the *King*, says,

"An age!
For you, nor minute, hour nor day nor year
Nor age shall be. I do not think
In hell there is a time glass; if the damned
E'er ask what time it is, I've heard priests
say,
That conscience answers, 'tis eternity!"

At the close of this speech, *Colonna* enters, with dagger in hand, prepared for the work of blood. He relents at first from his original purpose; and wishes not to encounter the king "like a mercenary stabber," but to give him fair play in open conflict. In this he is overruled however by *Ludovico* upon a heightened representation of his wrongs; and advances to the chamber with the view of revenge, when he is intercepted by *Evadne* who endeavours to dissuade him from the act, which he boldly avows his intention to accomplish; and suspecting also from her manner a participation in the desires of the monarch observing him to approach, he after a few sal-

utations leaves them together, and conceals himself behind the pillars, with the determination of sacrificing both to his resentment. The *King* makes love to *Evadne*, but in vain. She points to the statues, and from among them, singles that of the great *Rodolpho*, the glorious founder of her family! she reminds him of his virtues, and of his purity, which indignantly ask if aught dare sully them! Finally she directs his attention to the statue of her father, whom it seems the late monarch looked upon as associated with the noblest of his realm, to whose care the opening youth of him who stood before her was entrusted, and whom as beside the eagles wing, he learned to mount to glory!

"Who fought beside you, and when he beheld,
A sword thrust at your bosom, rushed—it pierced him!"

It is by such eloquence as this, that *Evadne* completely succeeds in subduing all the lascivious inclinations of the *King*; makes him acknowledge his own shame, and erects good resolutions in lieu of those by which he had been actuated. She calls upon her brother, upon *Colonna* to witness the sight; little thinking that he had been all the while, a silent spectator. He comes forward, she rushes into his arms, and having explained the machinations of *Ludovico* to the *King*, he goes behind the statues, *Evadne* retires in another direction, and *Colonna* remains to await the event, by the entrance of the conspirator. The former declares that he has "done the deed," and the *King* "is dead as twenty stabs could make him." Upon which *Ludovico* in the fullness of irony, denominates him a "fool;" for having "taken the crown from the king's head, to place it on my own;" at the same time avowing that—

"Twas he who did persuade the *King*
To ask thy sister's honour, as the price
Of thine accorded life."

says that to-morrow "sees him *King*," that he has "three thousand followers prepared to call him to the throne," which when he is there he will try *Colonna* for the murder he had committed, and directs his guards to seize and take him hence. The *King* very opportunely approaches from his concealment; the plot is at length unravelled; he enjoins these very guards to arrest the villain, who holds them at defiance, and rushes upon the life of the monarch. *Colonna* intercepts, and stabs him; he dies; and the *King* says he shall repair the injuries he has done, by promoting the union of *Evadne* with her lover which is to take place in all the pomp of royalty.

As we have neither leisure nor disposition to expatiate upon the merits of this production at large, suffice it therefore to say that although it possesses a considerable share of interest, although it does not partake so largely of the faults of the authors other compositions, although it is less tinged with the obscene and impious, there is nothing if we except the last scene of the play, which will rank much above mediocrity; and we are willing to award this all the excellence it deserves, as an example of chaste and classic declamation. Whoever has read or witnessed the representation before us, cannot but remark in it a pretty striking resemblance to the tragedy of *Othello*. In the one case a handkerchief is used as the instrument of jealousy, in the other, a portrait and a letter. In the one, we have an "honest Iago," in the other a "true" and vigilant *Ludovico*. The one, winds himself about the heart of a Moor, a being "not easily jealous," but "when in doubt resolved," and the other ensnares a man naturally open and generous, till the supposed dishonour and treachery of his friend and king prompts him to revenge. In nobleness of soul, the latter resembles *Shakespeare's Brutus*, particularly where he resolves upon the monarch's death; and it will be perceived that the language in both cases is not dissimilar.

With regard to the acting of this piece, we have only room to observe, that Mrs. J. BARNES conferred ample justice on the part of *Evadne*; for in the tender scenes she was all gentleness, and in the more impassioned, she did not want in pathos or dignity. We particularly admired the statue scene with the *King*; in which so far as it was heightened in effect by the talents of Mr. WERRALL became, no less entitled to applause. Mr. DUFF in the earlier part of the performance, seemed to have a right conception of *Colonna*, but in giving vent to his resentment in the presence of *Ludovico*, he certainly 'overshot the mark;' or in other words 'overstepped the modesty of nature.' He evidently failed to 'remember that in the very tempest, whirlwind of passion,' he should have 'acquired and begot a temperance that might have given it smoothness.' It was the possession of this virtue on the contrary, that enabled Mr. PELBY, an actor with not half the physical power, completely to excel him; and

who if it were not for occasional examples of inversion in the text, would have rendered *Ludovico* a very respectable performance. ROSCIUS.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

From the works of a very ancient dramatic author.

Pride is the serpent's egg, laid in the hearts of all, but hatched by none but fools.

Conscience is an intellectual caul that covers the heart, upon which all the faculties sport in terror, like boys that dance upon the ice.

Of all happiness, that is most sweet that is nearest to us; riches lie in the purse, love in the heart; never marry for honour or title, fame is always at a distance, the man I love is near.

We have received five numbers of the 'HONEY BEE' a publication lately issued at Philadelphia and edited by the 'Boston Bard.' Its contents appear to be of a diversified and interesting character, embracing many of the fugitive inspirations of the author's muse, and enlivened by just prosaic remarks on ancient and modern literature. The typography is of a neat and uniform complexion and we hope that in the prosecution of Mr COFFIN'S efforts a degree of encouragement will be awarded them much better than has usually attended the votaries of poesy.

Theatre.—Mrs. J. BARNES'S Benefit. On Monday evening, Jan. 24, will be presented *HAMLET*—the part of *Hamlet* by Mrs. J. BARNES! To which will be added the farce of *Three Weeks after Marriage*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many communications have been received since our last, for which our correspondents will please to accept our thanks.

The 'Parody on Woman' is rejected.
'ANGELINA' shall appear shortly.

MARRIED,

In this town,—Mr. George Stearns of Newton, to Miss Abigail B. Bridge,—Mr. James Ash, to Miss Penelope White, Mr. Thomas Hatch, jun. to Miss Alice Jenkins.

DIED,

In this town, Mr. Joseph Hussey Mackay, aged 23, son of Mr. Wm. Mackay.
Miss Hannah B. Basset, daughter of Capt. Gorham Basset.
Capt. Samuel Prince, aged 54.
Mr. Nathaniel F. Thayer, aged 41.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

TO C—— IN A BALL ROOM.

Where my fair cousin art thou now?
With mirth and gladness on thy brow
Thou tread'st the mazy dance;
Blithe pleasure sparkles in thine eye,
Swiftly the passing moments fly,
Till morning hours advance.

And then the brilliant scene is o'er,
The sprightly viol's heard no more,
Thou quit'st the lighted hall;
Soon in sweet sleep thine eyelids close,
Each thought is lost in calm repose,
Forgotten is the ball.

And happy they who can like thee,
In many a scene gay pleasure see,
Can find some charm in all;
Whose wit can mirth's light hour endear,
At home, the social circle cheer,
And sparkle in the hall.

And C—— love too the silent hour,
When meditations heart felt power,
Thine highest thoughts engage;
When reason sheds her light around,
And wisdom with persuasive sound,
Whispers her counsel's sage.

For life is not a summer's day,
Oft clouds obscure the sun's bright ray,
Oft fades the blossom fair;
And they who morn's bland hours employ,
Seeking for naught but laughing joy,
At eve find gloomy care.

EDITH.

PROLOGUE TO THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "EVADNE."

When erst in Eden's solitary bowers,
The primal man beheld his world of flowers,
Eternal sunshine tinged the glorious sky,
Alternate beauties wooed his wandering eye;
While infant Love, waving its odorous wing,
Woke the wild spirit of the breathing Spring.
Yet still through Paradise he restless strayed,
Its bower was songless, and its sun was shade;
E'en as the bard of Albany has sung,
In strains that live for age, and yet are young,
Creation bloomed, a decorated wild,—
It was not Paradise—till woman smiled.
Fair on his view the paragon arose,
Source of his bliss, and solace of his woes,
By bounteous Heaven ordained to soothe his
fall,
And sole survive, a recompence for all.
Who has not felt her chaste and charmed
power
Beguile his sad, and raise his raptured hour?

If such there be—O, let him bend his sight
Far from the hallowed vision of to-night.
To night our bard, in lovely woman's cause,
Alone from manly bosoms asks applause;
From British bosoms asks, without a fear,
Assured that such a cause is sacred here.
And you, ye fair, see young *Evadne* prove
Her vestal honour, and her plighted love!
See her, the light and joy of every eye,
Veil all her charms in spotless chastity;
And 'mid the fires and fantasies of youth,
Turn strong temptations to the cause of
truth!

O! may each maid *Evadne's* virtue share,
With heart as faithful, though with form less
fair.

You, too, who hope ambition's height to
climb,
Toiling to fortune through the maze of crime,
Behold, as in the daring "fool of Crete,"
Of such design the lesson, and the fate;
Behold the wing that lifts it to the skies
Melt in the sun, to which it ought to rise,
Such is the strain by which the moral bard
Seeks from a moral people his reward;
Seeks in simplicity, without one aid
From scenic pomp, or pasteboard cavalcade.
Britons, be just, and as our "Statue" stands,
Like Memnon's image from its master's hands,
With one bright ray illumine the sculptured
toil,
And bid it breathe—the creature of your
smile.

ROSY KATE OF KILLINKERE.

Below yon heathy, briary hill,
Where Nature wears her wildest dress,
A little straw-roof'd cot adorns
The bleak and sterile wilderness.
And there—tho' Fame and Fortune ne'er
Have shone upon her humble sphere—
In ev'ry grace and virtue rich,
Lives Rosy Kate of Killinkere!

In Tara's halls, when minstrel-harps
Their tender tones of music gave,
No nymph with lovelier charms was sung
To ladies bright and chieftains brave.
And never a gallant knight of yore
His goblet brimm'd in ~~luscious~~ cheerful
To softer eye, or sweeter lip,
Than Rosy Kate's of Killinkere.

Though Envy's palsied hand pretend
To weigh her worth with steady skill,
Despite its sly, illusive arts,
'Twill prove of sterling value still!
Love, with his fond, forgiving eye,
His partial estimates may fear,
But Reason will impress their truth,
And homage Kate of Killinkere!

Full many a day of anxious hope,
With idle wing hath loiter'd past,—
Full many a night of dark dismay
Its terrors on my soul hath cast,
Since first I saw the beauteous maid,
And Passion made my heart reverse,—
But bliss o'er pays—at morn I wed
With Rosy Kate of Killinkere!

C. FEIST.

THE BLOOMING ROSE.

The following are the Stanzas to which Mr.
Phillipps composed the very successful Ballad
he introduced in the Opera of "Love in a
Village."
EUTERPE.

The blooming rose at early dawn
Expanding drank the dew,
I pluck'd the flow'r, tho' sharp its thorn,
Because it look'd like you.

But gazing on thy beauteous face,
The likeness fades to view;
Nor in the rose thy blush I trace,
Its charms must yield to you.

From "Constance de Castile."

BY SOUTHEY.

"Sweet is it when the spirit is at rest,
And peace attunes the mind,
On the green down at summer tide reclin'd
To listen to the whisper of the wind;
And on the clouds that canopy the west
Round the slope sun's vast orbit roll'd,
O'er billows of the molten gold;
Catch in quick colours ere they fade
The seraph's plume with light inlaid,
And picture fair in blissful dream
Bright visions floating on eve's roseate beam.
Far different they by hope betray'd,
Thou Julian! and the hapless maid!
They on the cliff where tempests swept
Through the long day sad vigils kept,
There commun'd with the evening star
Till night drove up her ebony car.
Then ere they slowly left the steep,
Pale moon-beams saw the mourners weep,
And gazing on the vacant main
Shape in each cloud a sail in vain.
Yet, gentle spirits of the air
Who to the couch of wo repair,
And in a dream of bliss impart
The balm that heals a wounded heart,
On guardian wing their vigils kept
Where innocence with Constance slept.
In vision to her charmed sight
Blue Ocean show'd its mirror bright;
There mid fair gales a galley brave
In shadow dancing on the wave,
Loos'd every sail, for voyage spread,
And Julian there the virgin led."